AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

by

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I have written this sketchy account of my life at the request of my sister Sarah and son, Ernie. It is by no means a complete autobiography for it omits many factual data and above all the emotional impact of many events which I have neither the ability nor desire to depict.

I sketched these notes during a period of a few months in 1986 following my retirement. I only hope that they would be of interest to those who requested the information.

I. Russia: 1903 - 1913.

I was born on January 28, 1903 in the village of Celeshte, Bessarabia, Russia, not far from Kishinev, the capital of the province. My father was Yehiel Malamud and my mother was Rivka Meckler. My father was a widower with 3 daughters of a former marriage at the time he married my mother. Our immediate family consisted of seven children in the following order: Menashe (died at age 18 of scarlet fever), Rose, William, Ita, Sarah, myself, and Anne.

My father worked as a supervisor of a nearby forest, his work consisting of selection of trees to be cut down for lumber and selling it to local peasants and merchants. The villagers were largely Roumanian of Moldavian stock and for the most part illiterate, amongst whom there was a minority of Jewish settlers and a few Russian government officials.

In the community father was considered as one of the elders and respected by everyone. He was religious (orthodox) although not a fanatic, not given to much talk but possessed of an innate wisdom. He was much loved by all members of the family. My mother was kindly and devoted to her children who were practically her responsibility since father was away most of the time because of the nature of his occupation. She was self sacrificing; that possibly played a role in her tendency to hypochondriasis.

Our house was situated on the outskirts of the village. Our closest neighbor was the Kayser family, living across the street from us, and consisting of the widower Isaac and his seven children in order: Feige, Max, Fruma, Cipra, Anne, Rita, and Jack. Their father was a supervisor of another forest and like the Malamuds his family was equally poor. But despite the poverty which on the whole was not extreme, my childhood was a relatively happy one. In spite of the prevailing antisemitism of Czarist Russia we were little aware of it. I can only vaguely recall (at the age of 3 years) one incident during the pogroms following the Russo-Japanese war (1905-6), when our family was bundled away in a wagon driven by a drunken Roumanian peasant at night to escape to a nearby safer village.

Together with Ita, Sarah, and Rita, I attended a Hebrew school during our entire childhood. Our education consisted 90% of Hebrew

(the Old Testament and Hebrew literature) and 10% of Russian and mathematics. The result was that I was able to converse in Hebrew (Yiddish was spoken in the home) but not in Russian or Roumanian. The only one in our family who spoke Russian was my older brother Bill who was sent away to Kishinev, at an early age, where he was being tutored to enter the gymnasium; however, because of the Czarist quota, applied to Jews, he was ultimately refused admission. That led to his decision to immigrate to Montreal along with sister Rose. Under the influence of Hebrew literature and stimulation by some of my teachers, I developed early an interest in Zionism which was then being much discussed by the Jewish intelligentsia of Russia and Poland. My hero was the poet Bialik whose poetry I read and admired and who was generally recognized as the national spokesman of persecuted Jews.

Hazy memories of my first ten years of life still remain such as the severe and long winters; the happy summers filled with play, roaming through the orchards and stealing all kinds of fruit (Bessarabia was known as the fruit basket of Russia); the exciting celebrations of the Jewish holidays and the occasional visits to nearby cities in horse drawn vehicles. It took a whole day to drive the ten miles to nearby Kalarash.

The decision to immigrate to the New World was prompted by the realization that our chances of an adequate education in Russia were nil. We were urged to settle in Montreal by members of our family who had settled there previously, chiefly my brother Bill, sister Rose, and half-sister, Dvorah. Our voyage was by train to Hamburg, Germany, across the North Sea to England and from Liverpool across the Atlantic to Quebec City, and finally by train to Montreal where we arrrived in August of 1913.

II. Montreal: 1913 - 1930; (Foxborough, Massachusetts: 1926 - 1927.)

This was, indeed, a new world for us, calling for new adjustments which were not too difficult for us children, but were hard on the parents and older siblings. My father was forced to become a laborer, delivering coal, which, besides the psychological trauma, exerted its physical stress that ultimately led to chronic invalidism due to heart disease. Rose and Bill had to work in garment factories; the younger children attended school.

Rita's family followed the exact same course as we did. They arrived in Montreal at about the same time as we. Both families moved into flats on Clarke Street, not far from each other.

Sarah, Rita, and I were enrolled in Mount Royal Public School, with Sarah and I in one classroom, and Rita in another. After the initial difficulties in learning a new language, we soon overcame them and when we graduated in January of 1918, both Sarah and I received medals and scholarships towards free tuition for 4 years in high school. In Canada there was a tuition fee to attend high school. However, because of finanacial difficulties, Sarah had to drop out of school after one year while I dropped out after 2 years attendance at Montreal High School. Rita suffered the same fate and the three of us had to go to work in various business offices, largely doing secretarial work. Throughout our school period we also attended various Hebrew schools. We cultivated many friendships, our closest friend being Louis Rapkine. Lou had left Russia in early

childhood and lived in Paris, France for several years, whence he and his family moved to Montreal at about the same time as we did. He was about my age, spoke French fluently, and underwent the same schooling as we did. He, however, completed his 4 years of high school without interruption. I only caught up with him when in 1921 we both entered Medical School at McGill University, after I had prepared myself privately to take the entrance examinations.

During the period, world news dominated everything: World War I (1914 - 1918); the severe influenza epidemic of 1917 - 18; and the Russian Revolution (1917), all of which had little direct effect on us although indirectly it induced some political thinking on our part. We were especially attracted to Zionism in the form of Poalei (Hebrew for worker) Zionism that came into conflict, as a socialist movement, with the opposing developing communism.

My interests in those years were largely concerned with literature--the Russian and French novelists, the English poets of the 19th century, and the Yiddish playwrights especially of those plays that we attended in the Jewish theater enacted by the popular actors: Ben Ami, Maurice Schwartz, and Paul Muni (the latter became a Hollywood star in the thirties).

Culturally, Montreal was backward due to divisions in its native population between the French Canadians (who formed the majority) and the English, the two nationalities isolating themselves completely from each other. In between were the immigrant minority groups of Jews and various other nationals from Eastern Europe. Yet, despite these drawbacks, some cultural movement took place largely filtering through from the U.S. as, for example, in music and the theater through performances by visiting musicians (Rachmaninoff, Kreisler, Heifetz, etc.), and actors (John Barrymore,

Walter Hampden, Robert Mantell). I still remember the excitement of hearing Enrico Caruso in the 20's in the huge Arena (which was otherwise used for hockey games) in order to accomodate the large audience of thousands and where his voice overpowered the unsuitable acoustics.

Recorded music was then in its infancy but as it slowly developed we would gather at the homes of friends to listen avidly to a wide range of music from the early short virtuoso types to the later complete symphonies and chamber music of Mozart and Beethoven. We would, for example, meet once a week regularly in the late twenties to listen to the only recordings of Beethoven's 9th and his quartet opus 131, music that never ceases to enthrall me to this day.

My decision to enter medical school was partly influenced by my association with Lou Rapkine. To understand this is to appreciate the strength of his personality. Lou came of simple illiterate parents and had mediocre siblings. His mother was the only one who showed evidence of a potentially wise intelligence. In her words "Louis was already a grown up man as a child" . He combined in his character a fervent idealism together with a practical down to earth attitude, an ability to recognize the weaknesses of people combined with a desire to help them overcome them. As a youngster he entered into everything with a great deal of zeal whether in his pursuit of knowledge, sports, the arts, etc. He and I spent a great deal of time together (as did Sarah and Rita) whether reading literature or discussing our future. Together Lou and I spent the years of 1921 - 24 at McGill in the preclinical subjects of the biological and physical sciences and in human anatomy, physiology, and biochemistry. At the end of that period, Lou decided that his future lay not in the practice of

medicine but in the biological field. To this end he decided to leave for Paris in 1924 to pursue research despite the uncertainty of opportunities there added to his poor circumstances. His regular correspondence with me during the period of 1924 - 29 revealed his ability to overcome all obstacles and to develop ultimately into a first class research biologist.

In the meantime our quartet started breaking up. Sarah and Rita gradually realized that they were frustrated in their work in Montreal and decided in 1923 to leave for New York to take their chances. They actually "eloped" in great secrecy, their plans unknown to their families except to Lou and me.

With Lou's departure and my own conflicts regarding medical practice, but above all due to my poor financial circumstances, I was forced to drop out of school once more. For a while during 1924 - 25 I worked as a bookkeeper part time, and enrolled in some biology courses at McGill. Father became very ill and I cared for him. He died in 1925. With the departure of Sarah, Rita, and Lou, Ita and Anne became my only family companions. Ita had been employed as librarian in the Montreal Jewish library, and I spent a good deal of time with her and her friends.

Sometime in 1925 I decided to leave for New York, feeling "trapped" in Montreal, however without any definite plans. I was looking desperately for employment since jobs were scarce. I was finally accepted in the office of a wholesale silk factory in New York around 34th Street as an operator of an adding machine. Incidentally, Sarah, after initial struggles, was likewise employed as a bookkeeper in another silk factory in the same area. Later Ita joined us in New York and she became associated with the New York Public Library. After our reunion, we shared an apartment in the

Bronx. Rita, in the meantime, fought her way towards a career in social service work, first at the Jewish Federation Settlement, and later at the Hebrew Orphanage Asylum. Her development in this field was nothing short of spectacular since she evolved from total inexperience to a successful and well accepted social worker. At one time she, too, joined us in the Bronx apartment.

My "expertise" with the adding machine did not blind me about the futility of such a future. So when in 1926 my brother Bill asked me to join him at Foxborough State Hospital in Massachusetts, I readily accepted the offer. Bill, following his graduation from McGill Medical School in 1921, developed an interest in psychiatry. After several years of postgraduate work in Boston, New York and Germany, he was offered the position of Clinical Director at Foxborough, not far from Boston.

My year at Foxborough revived my interest in medicine, especially in neuropsychiatry. I spent my time there in the laboratory, learning neuropathology from Dr. Lowenberg whom Bill imported from Hamburg, Germany. I participated in the clinical psychiatric rounds and conferences and did a research project which led to my first publication. It concerned the role of the blood-brain barrier in mental illness that led to an "exciting" finding of an increased resistance of the barrier to various injected substances in Schizophrenia and to the opposite in various organic psychoses. It proved to be a start in my later search for an organic basis of mental disorders.

In the fall of 1927, I was back again in Montreal, resuming my medical education at McGill, having obtained a bare minimum of financial assistance. Later, Rita helped me financially, thus enabling me ultimately to graduate in 1930. The years of 1927-30 (the

clinical years) dealt with learning the trade of medical practice. The emphasis was on diagnosis and therapy with little attention to basic research. As such, they were hard and tedious years since the practice of medicine had little appeal to me. The redeeming features were the summer vacation periods in 1928 at Foxborough State Hospital and in 1929 in New York where I spent some time in the Neurology Service at Bellevue Hospital. My social life in Montreal during those 3 years was spent largely in the company of friends - medical school colleagues, Wendell MacLeod and Martin Poppo, along with Anne and her friend Bessie Gardner. Together we read philosophy and listened to music. Of the immediate family, my mother and my sisters Rose, Anne, and Dvorah were the only ones remaining in Montreal. I continued to carry on an active correspondence with Rita, as well as with Sarah and Lou who were married in 1929 and settled in Paris.

My graduation in May of 1930 was a relief and we celebrated accordingly. The after effect, however, was that of a fresh challenge, especially because of the Great Depression. My plans were to leave for New York since I was offered an internship at Manhattan State Hospital. That was easily said but the U. S. immigration authorities thought otherwise. It was only through Rita's untiring efforts and skill in dealing with New York and Washington politicians that I obtained a temporary visa.

III New York: 1930-33.

I began my internship at Manhattan State Hospital located on Ward's Island, New York, in August of 1930. I found myself in a huge hospital housing thousands of mental patients in closed wards. Manhattan State Hospital, like others in New York State, were in a

sorry state of primitive care without any pretense of understanding or therapy and correctly described as "warehouses." The staff consisted of a few old timers at the top and many young interns, the latter, able psychiatrists who were forced under the circumstances of the Depression to accept such positions. But despite these conditions, I gained considerable experience in the diagnosis of mental disorders. Furthermore, the redeeming feature was life in New York.

Rita and I were married in September, 1930 and rented an apartment on 86th St., not far from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. We took in all that New York had to offer - music (Carnegie Hall with the Philharmonic under Toscanini, Casals, Szigetti, Serkin, etc.), the theater (the Guild, etc.) and the museums. We enjoyed it all and, in particular, the weekends that we spent in Brooklyn with the Weiners. Rita had roomed with them during the late twenties and I had met them previously. Cipa and Sam Weiner were some of the warmest human beings we had ever known. They were "left wingers" but our association was not based on politics, but only on simple friendship. Weiner's work was sign painting and his hobbies were amateur photography and music. Together, we listened to recorded music of which he had a large collection. Cipa's daughter Edith, at that time about 5 or 6 years of age, was a most beautiful child and a much photographed subject (along with us) of Weiner.

After a year in New York, Rita and I, between us, managed to save enough money to go to Europe, where I hoped to do some postgraduate study at the same time as waiting abroad until I would obtain a permanent U.S. visa. We sailed on the Empress of Britain from Quebec, Canada in September, 1931, a most enjoyable voyage, and stopped in Paris on the way to our destination in Munich, Germany. We spent several weeks in Paris with Lou and Sarah and

fully enjoyed our stay with them, meeting their friends and seeing the sights of the city.

We arrived in Munich in early October just in time for the Octoberfest. My plan was to learn neuropathology and the center of this field was the German Institute of Research under the directorship of W. Spielmeyer who was known as one of the world leaders of neuropathology research. He had acquired fame in the U.S., through his lectures there on the role of circulatory disturbances of the brain in various neuropsychiatric disorders. I had corresponded with him and was accepted as a visiting graduate student. The Institute consisted of five departments doing research in bioochemistry, neuropathology, serology, genetics and clinical investigation. My 6 months at the Institute were well spent as I learned the fundamentals, as well as working on a research project. Spielmeyer was genial, and at the same time had an authoritarian, "typically German", personality. His staff was friendly and there was no sign of racial discrimination in the laboratory. He invited us to dinner in his home where political discussion was "verboten". There were a number of visiting students at the Institute, several from the U. S. On the outside, Munich, at least on the surface, was calm and very enjoyable. Rita and I rented a room from a "typical Frau" who was very calculating and barely tolerant. We learned German haltingly after hiring a young Russian student to teach us the language. The city had a unique beauty with its wide streets, parks, museums, theaters, music halls and huge beer halls. The latter lived up to their reputation for their beer. In this period (1931-32), there was little evidence of "things to come." Hitler's Brown House was there but showed no unusual outward signs of activity. The headlines in the newspaper were those of severe economic and political difficulties of the Weimar Republic: the inflation and the struggles of political survival. Gradually reports of increasing conflicts between

the Nazis and the Communists began to appear in the press, especially in the North (Hamburg). During the Christmas holidays, Rita and I vacationed in Leipzig (at the home of Weiner's sister) and I made a trip to Berlin alone, but again, did not experience any tension in the air.

Rita was pregnant with Ernie when we arrived in Europe. While I was spending my days at the Institute, she was roaming through the city and attending lectures at the University of Munich. I finally obtained my visa for re-entry to the U. S. and we set sail on the New York for New York City from Hamburg in March of 1932. This voyage was not pleasant because of the stormy wintry weather and was especially tiring for Rita, but we arrived safely in New York, although virtually penniless.

We stayed for awhile with the Weiners while I was seeking employment during the height of the Depression. Finally I obtained an internship, first at Rockland State Hospital, and later at Pilgrim State Hospital, both outside of New York City. Rockland was located on the New Jersey side of the Washington bridge and we rented an apartment at nearby Pearl River. On May 8, 1932 Rita had given birth to Ernie, while we were still in Brooklyn, followed soon by our move to Pearl River. This was a small town with lots of trees, where Ernie "loved to watch the movement of leaves". The Weiners visited us there, resulting in the first photos of Ernie. At Rockland State Hospital, the setup was similar to that of Manhattan State Hospital. In the fall of 1932, as the new Pilgrim State Hospital opened up, I moved there. That was located in Long Island and we rented an apartment at the nearby town of Bayshore, an attractive place where Ernie seemed to thrive. Pilgrim State Hospital was huge (10,000 patient capacity), so much so that I had to make evening rounds through 52 wards. Since the hospital was new, the staff was still

very small and we formed a small group of young interns. One of them was Henry Brill, a Yale graduate, an enthusiastic fellow with a sense of humor and very critical of the hospital setup. I befriended him and he, with his young wife, would visit us in Bayshore. It was during this period, with the increasing Depression, that Roosevelt was elected President and a new wave of hope began. I started inquiring about possibilities of a university position. I tried Columbia and Yale but there were no openings. A Dr. Noble of the Rockefeller Institute recommended me to Dr. Albert M. Barrett, Head of the State Psycopathic Hospital and of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. I corresponded with him and he offered me a residency in clinical psychiatry with the possibility of doing neuropathology research under Dr. Lowenberg with whom I had worked before at Foxborough. I accepted at a salary of $1600 per annum, which Barrett regretted but couldn't do any better, at the same time warning me about the difficulty of raising a family on that salary. I was to start work in July of 1933. In the meantime Rita had decided to visit her family in Montreal and stay with them together with Ernie, while waiting for me to get settled in Ann Arbor.

IV. Ann Arbor, Michigan: 1933 - 1945.

At the State Psychopathic Hospital (SPH) I was introduced to a more sophisticated atmosphere in clinical psychiatry than I had experienced before. It was set up as a center for training and research for the State of Michigan, similar to those in Massachusetts, New York, and Baltimore, with affiliations both with universities (like Harvard, Columbia, and Johns Hopkins) and state mental hospitals. I found Dr. Barrett to be knowledgeable both along psychodynamic and organic lines of approach. The staff was small,

differing greatly in personality makeup, and contacts were intimate. Our positions were both as State psychiatrists and University instructors. The Medical School at the University of Michigan was one of the top schools in the country, especially in hematology, virology, (Dr. Jonas Salk of Polio vaccine fame had his start at the University of Michigan), neurosurgery, and neurology. But while I began at the State Psycopathic Hospital doing clinical work, my interest was soon directred to neuropathology where Lowenberg was in charge. As a result, I gradually gave up my clinical responsibilities and joined Lowenberg in the laboratory, where I became his full time assistant, during my second year in Ann Arbor. My chief, Konstantin Lowenberg, was a capable neuropathologist, though somewhat dogmatic. He was friendly, had a sense of humor, and was easy to get along with.

In the meantime, Rita and Ernie joined me and we rented a small apartment near the University. Ernie was a little over one year of age and was learning to walk and talk. We soon became acquainted with the Pearls (Merrill, a papyrologist, and his wife, Cynthia), and some of their friends. Rita resumed her social work activities, acquiring a position in Detroit. She would commute by bus to the city, 35 miles from Ann Arbor, while Ernie was cared for by a friend of the Pearls (Betty Winchester). Rita became pregnant a year later and Edith was born November 15, 1934.

I began researching in neuropathology and my first neuropathology paper was published in July of 1937. At the same time I assumed the responsibilities of organizing the laboratory and of teaching at the University and in the various Michgan State mental hospitals.

It was during this period that Barrett died (in his 60's) to be

succeeded by a younger Chief, Dr. Raymond Waggoner. I was saddened by Barrett's death as were the other staff members, since he was a kind of father surrogate to all of us. The new director was a neurologist whose background in psychiatry was poor but because of that stressed the organic basis of mental disorders. As a result, much of research at SPH was along lines that suited me and I collaborated with Waggoner in a number of publications.

Ann Arbor was a typical University town, population at that time was around 30,000, one-third of which was made up of student and faculty. It combined the sophistication of a seat of learning and the simple friendliness and gossipy pettiness of a small town. We acquired many close friends, mostly from the non-medical University of Michigan campus departments. They were a mixed group: the Williamses from the English department, the Pargments from the language deparments (Michel taught French and his wife, Lila, Russian), and Rainich, who taught mathematics, among others. Konstantin Lowenberg was of Russian origin but graduated from a German University and married a German woman. All the above mentioned formed a closely knit group with us. In view of this mixture of national origins, it was natural to expect a clash of ideas to take place as world events in the thirties and forties became increasingly critical. The Spanish Civil War, the rise of fascism, the Russo-German pact, the Russo-Finnish war, World War II, and our involvement after Pearl Harbor found their adherents and opponents in our small circle. Nevertheless our friendships continued. Despite the gruesome world news our enjoyment of life in Ann Arbor remained undisturbed. Music recitals by visiting artists and presentation of foreign films were regular occurrences. We vacationed in our first car, a 1934 Ford, with and without the children, regularly every year, in and outside Michigan, mostly around the Great Lakes, especially Lake Michigan, We made trips to

Yellowstone National Park (Rita and I), Vermont, Montreal, and New York. We visited our families in Montreal, some of them visited us in Ann Arbor. Our memories of the Bessarabian orchards were revived in the Michigan orchards with their abundance of cherries, peaches and apples.

We lived at first on Olivia Avenue and later moved to Baldwin Street, in each of which we rented large detached houses surrounded by spacious yards that contained some fruit and lilac trees and where we installed playground equipment fot the children. Our family pediatrician was a Dr. Lichty, a very fine and unassuming person. Ernie and Edith presented no undue problems and only occasionally moments of anxiety. An unforgetable incident was Ernie's swallowing of a penny that stuck in his throat and was then removed by the famous ear-nose-throat specialist, Dr. Furstenberg, Dean of the Medical School, while Ernie, (age 3?), bore up stoically. Our correspondence with Lou and Sarah continued through the 1930's (although not with the frequency of the 1920's), until its breakdown during the war period. At the beginning of the European war in September, 1939, I visited New York where Lou was atttending an International Biology Congress, along with a group of French scientists, and which was suddenly interrupted by the news of the declaration of war. It was a tense moment for me to bid him farewell with an uneasy feeling of premonition of the tragic events that were to follow. After his departure I found myself visiting the World Fair that was taking place in New York at that time and that was to be symbolic with its dedication to International Peace, a mockery of what was then taking place in Europe.

With the increasing demand by our allies, the Roosevelt program of lend-lease, followed by our entry into the war, led to the opening up of numerous armament factories throughout the country.

It resulted in our case in Rita's employment at Willow Run, near Detroit, as a riviter of warplane (B-24) parts. She would commute by bus until all hours of the night, leaving Ernie and Edith in my care. She was later employed as a kindergarten teacher of Willow Run employees' children. As soon as the United States entered the war I too beame involved by doing routine physical examinations of the draftees in Detroit. The children somehow managed to survive this ordeal (they were partly cared for by friends, the Kemnitzes, and Miss Powers).

My professional activities continued to develop. Research led to 13 publications in the years 1937 - 1945. I attended annual meetings of the American Psychiatric and the American Neuropathological Associations. At some of those metings I got together with my brother Bill and his wife Irene, who through the years moved from Massachusetts to Iowa and then back again to Massachusetts, as Bill assumed the clinical directorships at Iowa State and Boston State Universities.

The war continued its relentless pace, although its enormous tragic effects only filtered through to us very slowly and much of it, for example, the Holocaust, was at that time obscure and ignored.

Our vague anxieties about Sarah and Lou and their ordeal only became known to us after Sarah and Claudie managed to escape from France to New York where Lou rejoined them. We visited them there and learned of some of their horrible experiences as well as of Lou's tremendous efforts on behalf of the escaping French scientists.

As the war was drawing to a close I became increasingly restless in my desire to develop independence in my scientific career, but which was thwarted as an assistant, at the University of

Michigan. Early in 1945 I was invited to the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington, D.C., to investigaste an acute government medical problem of "Heat Stroke" that was causing many casualties among the U.S. Army trainees in the deep South. I spent 3 months (February - May) there as a consultant, collaborating with Dr. Webb Haymaker, a well known neuropathologist. It proved to be a stimulating experience, not only because of the interest of the subject matter (which we published) but also because it was a breakthrough in my search for an independent position. I was offered two jobs: (1) in New Orleans, and (2) in San Francisco. I visited the former, while in Washington, and although the offer was attractive my reaction was negative, largely determined by the current policy of racial segregation that was visible everywhere in the city. The San Francisco offer, by contrast, was immediately attractive to me, as I learned of it only on my return to Ann Arbor. I had enjoyed my stay in Washington although I missed the family. It was during my stay there that Roosevelt died, and I was present at the funeral, a sad moment in world history. Soon after World War II in Europe came to an end.

On my way back to Ann Arbor, Rita joined me in the Catskill Mountains for a brief vacation. When we arrived home we were greeted by Ernie and Edith and by a cake that Ernie had baked. Shortly afterwards I received a letter from Dr. Karl Bowman, the Director of the Langley Porter Psychiatric Institute in San Francisco. Bowman asked me to head the Laboratory of Neuropathology with affiliations with both the University of California Medical School and the State hospitals of the Department of Mental Hygiene and offered me an Assistant Professorship at the University. I accepted and started preparations for my separation from the University of Michigan and for the ensuing trip. While I was winding up my work at the University, Rita was busy crating our furniture with the aid of a

carpenter, old Mr. Chalmers, who was disappointed that we didn't move to Denver, Colorado, which in his opinion had the "ideal climate". Our trip by car to the far West was leisurely as it took us eleven days to get to San Francisco. The high points were visits on the way to Santa Fe, New Mexico, the Grand Canyon, and ultimately sunny Southern California.

V. San Francisco. 1945 - date.

We arrived in San Francisco on October 8, 1945, and had a chilly reception. In keeping with the rainy weather was an acute postwar housing shortage. The war with Japan had just ended and we missed the exciting and violent celebration of "V.J." day. We stayed for about a week in a motel in Daly City and then moved to a student dormitory around the University of California Medical School for a temporary stay since the fall term at the Medical School was soon to begin. That threat passed when by sheer luck Rita learned of a vacancy in a flat at 1283 Third Avenue which we rented in a hurry and where we settled for the next 3 years. It was located at the foot of "Mt. Parnassus", near Irving Street within view of the University. It was an unattractive poorly furnished place, yet it was a roof over our heads. The children were enrolled in the nearby Laguna Honda Public School.

The postwar period started with a big bang in the restoration of civilian life and the rush at exploration of scientific research, in the natural and biological fields. There was a large influx of people migrating to the West and the Bay Area population grew rapidly. This had its effects on the growth of the University of California.

The Langley Porter Psychiatric Institute had started from scratch in 1943 and by 1945 had acquired a large staff. Karl Bowman, the first Director, had had his training at the Boston Psychopathic Institute and then became the Director of Psychiatry at Bellvue Hospital in New York. His assistant was Dr. Alex Simon who came from St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C. Both were considered to be "eclectic" in as much as they favored a mixed psychodynamic and organic approach to the understanding of mental illness. The staff they hired reflected this as the purely psychoanalytic approach was regarded with skepticism. As a result, it was understandable that Bowman hired me to develop the Laboratory of Neuropathology and this was also in keeping with the wishes of the University Medical Scool.

I began organizing a laboratory that was to be a central depository of material for the State. I established contacts with the Departments of Neurology and Neurosurgery at the University of California which were conducting research into neuropsychiatric disorders. The current world wide "drastic" therapies, namely electroshock, insulin, and prefrontal lobotomy, were investigated and subjected to critical analysis. In the course of time each of these methods of treatment were largely given up in favor of the later introduced drug therapies. My own research in this field dealt with determining anatomic effects of such treament on the central nervous system. Another area of study was in a form of epilepsy, known as temproral lobe epilepsy, which promised to be beneficially affected by surgery, namely temporal lobectomy. In this latter study I became associated with the Japanese neurosurgeon, Dr. Keiji Sano.

At the same time I began developing a museum of material, gross and microscopic, that was to be used for teaching graduate

students and for staff members in preparation for specialty boards in psychiatry, neurology, and neurosurgery. We started in 1945 - 46 giving refresher courses at Langley Porter to civilian and army neuropsychiatrists that were continued for many subsequent years. Board examinations in psychiatry and neurology were then held regularly for many years in San Francisco. I developed sources of material at the University of California, Armed Forces, Veteran and State hospitals which required periodic visits as a consultant to the various institutions. I thus became the Neuropathologist for these institutions throughout the State so that I was constantly traveling to conduct brain cutting sessions, or to give lectures. My most immediate and frequent teaching activities were at Letterman Army, Oakland Navy, and Veterans' Hospitals of the Bay Area, and at Napa and Sonoma State Hospitals. I also utilized the material in my research writing, dealing with diverse topics, espcially in the fields of geriatrics, mental retardation, and cerebral palsy. It evolved later as the subject matter that I used in the publication of the Atlas of Neuropathology in its two editions of 1957 and 1974, the first as the sole author and the second in collaboration with the Japanese neuropathologist and electron microscopist, Dr. Asao Hirano.

My professional activities were very satisfying to me. I was well received by my colleagues and students and so were my contributions to the literature, especially the Atlas which became a popular manual. My museum of gross specimens was considered very instructive and unique in its wide coverage of neuropathology in all its phases. I was often invited to participate in symposia held in Washington, D.C. at the National Institute of Neurological Diseases which appointed me as a consultant. This also involved my participation in International conferences in Rome, Munich, and Baden, Switzerland. For many years I had an annually renewable training grant from the National Institute of Neurological Diseases,

and a 5 year (1954 - 59) research grant from the latter on cerebral palsy, which was published.

In our over 40 years in San Francisco to date the family life was undergoing constant changes. After our initial struggles with the depressing atmosphere of our rented flat on Third Avenue, we bought a very attractive house at 1 Upland Drive. It was a large and imposing corner building perched on a hill in the Mt. Davidson section with a distant view of the Bay. It consisted of 7 rooms on 2 levels and the entire family liked it, especially Ernie, whose bedroom was in the attic. We occupied it from 1948 - 1958. We were surrounded by neighbors who were all of Scandinavian origin(!), and with whom we were on friendly terms.

At the beginning of our stay there, Ernie and Edith were attending Lowell High School. While there, Ernie joined the debating group, and achieved fame as one of the leading debators. He graduated in 1950 and soon after entered the University of California at Berkeley. Edith followed two years later and entered the College of the Pacific. It soon became apparent that our family life together was breaking up and Rita and I found ourselves living alone in the big house. We spent a good deal of time visiting regularly either Ernie at Bowles Hall in Berkeley or Edith's dormitory in Stockton, the location of College of the Pacific. Following Ernie's graduation from the University of California, and marriage to Jean Goldstein, Ernie decided to do his graudate study in Physics at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, and that extended our occasional visits by several thousand miles towards the East Coast. In the meantime, Edith's postgraduate interest in library work led to her enrollment at San Jose State College, later at the the University of San Francisco, where she took library courses. As a result of these moves, Rita and I finally came to the decision to sell our house

which we did in the summer of 1958. We rented a 3 room garden apartment, with a patio, at 33 Higuera Avenue in the Park Merced Residential Community. Our apartment was attractive and spacious but much easier to care for than our former house and more accessible to public transportation and the adjacent Stonestown Shopping Center. Edith settled down to live with us as she acquired a position of librarian at the World Affairs Council of San Francisco. In the meantime Ernie acquired his doctorate from Cornell and in 1960 he, Jean, and their first son, Carl, left for Lausanne, Switzerland, where Ernie became associated with the University of Lausanne and the nearby High Energy Physics Laboratory at CERN in Geneva. It was there that his two other children, Yvette, and Bruce were born.

Ernie and his family returned to the U.S., moving to Tucson, Arizona, then to Los Angeles (UCLA), finally ending up in 1968 at the National Accelerator Laboratory, later renamed the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory , in Illinois, where he has been employed to date. I do not intend to give a full account of his and Edith's experience and progress during the subsequent years but indicate the pride that we took in their development and the effect it had on our own lives. We have remained very close to them and to Ernie's children.

Our relationship to other members of our respective families during the time we lived in San Francisco continued though understandably remote. We were visited by Bill and Sarah, Max, Fruma, and Jack at various times. My last visit to Montreal was shortly before our departure for San Francisco when my mother sustained a head injury in a fall, but was successfully operated It was during this visit that I stayed with Anne, Victor, and their infant daughter, Erika. Mother later moved to a nursing home where she

died in 1948 at about the age of 85.

The most tragic event in my life was the death of my brother-in-law Louis in 1948. I had last seen him in New York after Sarah and Claudie managed to escape from France during the War. Our correspondence with Lou and Sarah in the immediate postwar period had been very irregular. As a result his death was most unexpected and it was only later that we learned of his serious illness in the preceding months. Sarah's suffering only became known to me later when I visited her in Paris in 1952 and began to realize what courage it took for her to live through that loss In subsequent years I felt closer to her and this was renewed during my later visits (in 1961 and 1963) to Paris. I am happy that our correspondence has continued though infrequently. The same applied to our relationship to Ita whom we visited on occasional trips to New York. In recent years due to our increasing reluctance to travel contacts with my sisters had unfortunately dwindled to annual New Year greetings. I had no contacts with Bill after his retirement and only learned of his death in 1982 from a letter his son Tom wrote us.

Our life in San Francisco differed greatly from that in Ann Arbor. The city is known throughout the world for its unique character in geography, climate, culture, and politics. In all these respects it impressed us as no other place we lived in previously. Its mixed ethnic population of whites, blacks, Hispanics, and Asians is reflected in its predominantly liberal and tolerant attitudes. In the Arts, it has much to offer especially in music with its own Symphony Orchestra. The high quality of education, especially in Science, is exemplified by the University of California and Stanford. In all these respects we found fulfillment of our own wishes. What was lacking was the intimate contacts that we had experienced in

Ann Arbor. Our friendships were virtually limited to my immediate profession, namely, the staff members of Langley Porter, University of California, and Letterman Army Hospital. Among these the Bowmans and Simons of Langley Porter, and Colonel Emmett Litteral of Letterman were probably the closest. We re-established contacts with the Weiners when they moved to Los Angeles.

Our vacations were spent in visits to all parts of California, especially the National Parks at Yosemite, Sequoia, and Tahoe, Twenty-Nine Palms, and Death Valley. We often attended the annual Music Festivals in Carmel and Ojai, and the Shakespeare Festival in Ashland, Oregon. We visited Seattle, Vancouver and Victoria Island, Banff, and Lake Louise in the Candian Rockies. A memorable experience was motoring to Mexico (Mexico City and Guadalajara), where we enjoyed seeing the murals of Rivera and Orosco. On our 1952 trip to Europe where I was attending the first International Congress of Neuropathology in Rome we stopped on our way in Edinburgh to attend the Shakespeare and Music Festival (where Ernie joined us briefly) and then continued on to Rome, Florence, Venice, and Paris (where we spent some time with Sarah). On my solo 1961 trip to Europe I spent most of the time in Switzerland, visiting Ernie and his family, and then proceeded to attend the Neuropathology Conference on Anoxia in Baden near Zurich. During that meeting we were entertained by the mayors of Zurich and Baden at banquets, and taken by bus to Lake Lucerne, ending up at the Jungfraujoch where we all had a first hand experience of "anoxia"(!). After that meeting, we departed for Munich, Germany, to attend the Third International Congress of Neuropathology. I recall the mixed feelings I had on this visit to Germany (after the Nazi period) when I revisited the Institute where I had my start in Neuropathology. Here too we were feted by the local authorities, attended a Mozart opera, and a banquet in a castle.

In 1963 we flew to Europe. This time Rita and I spent some time in London, where we visited msueums and historical buildings and where we spent some time with Edith who was on a tour with a group. I took the occasion to visit the National Hospital, noted for its Neurology Department and met with an old colleague, the neuropathologist William McMenemey. Bill and his wife had us over for dinner at their home. London (except for its restaurants) impressed us greatly. We then proceeded to the continent, spent a few days in Amsterdam, Holland (seeing the VanGogh and Rembrandt museums) and then flew to Geneva where we were met by Ernie and his family. That visit was memorable for witnessing Ernie's enthusiasm for the Swiss "way of life", the mountains, and the monumental laboratory at CERN. We flew back to the States stopping on the way in Paris where we again visited Sarah.

In the '60's and early '70's I attended a number of symposia dealing with a variety of topics of neuropathological interest that took place in Washington; Bethesda (location of the National Institutes of Health); New Orleans; Eugene, Oregon; Lincoln, Nebraska; and Houston, Texas. In 1972 I was officially retired with the title of Emeritus Professor. Although this did not terminate my activities at the University, it did decrease my attendance at scientific meetings and consequently my trips abroad and inside the United States outside of California.

My retirement ultimately resulted in the closing of the Laboratory of Neuropathology at the Langley Porter Institute, and in moving my museum and laboratory technicians in 1975 to the Department of Pathology at U.C. Medical Center. Here I continued my teaching and research up to 1985, when I decided voluntarily to hand in my resignation at the School of Medicine, Letterman Army, and

Oakland Navy Hospitals, and the State Hospitals at Napa, and Sonoma. During these 10 years there was no essential change in my work as I was allowed to utilize my time as I saw fit, even though I was under the administrative directorship of the Department of Pathology. I continued to publish and by 1982, my publications numbered 93 including the Atlas, chapters in various books, and individual articles. I found the atmosphere in the laboratory to be congenial and friendly under the directorship of Dr. Richard Davis.

During this period I was honored by receiving the University of California Medal (1981), the Distinguished Service Award of the American Association of Neuropathologists (1985), and the Outstanding Civilian Service Medal of the Department of the Army (twice: 1962 and 1982).

My decision to retire was prompted by the recognition of the frailties of aging but in addition by the realization of the changing times which I felt have somehow left me behind. The revolutionary changes in the latter half of the twentieth century in the biological sciences, including the medical, pointed in new, yet not fully realized directions. The new ultramicroscopic techniques, the discoveries of the constitution of the genes, the biochemical nature of metabolic disorders, and the introduction of experimental models ushered in a new era of research into the nature and treatment of nervous and mental disorders. Nevertheless I have remained convinced that the traditional methods of neuropathology must not be abandoned but integrated with the new approaches. Its for the future to define the respective roles of the different contributions.